

SPRIT GUIDANCE

OF INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE

OF ERASTUS AND HERMOINE NOBLE

WRITTEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

MISS CLARA MARSH BY SPIRIT FRANK GROW.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Man the Lifeboat—Saved.

Mr. Gibbons, with Sailor Jack and a few trusted men, were on the beach since the commencement of the storm, not knowing at what time their services might be needed. They looked with anxious eyes over the water, trying to pierce the inky blackness. The water rolled and tossed with terrible fury, while the wind roared and whistled like a thousand demons let loose over land and sea.

"No boat could live in this gale," say both Jack and Mr. Gibbons. "Let us hope there are no vessels in these waters, for it would be almost sure destruction."

"The gale will soon spend itself," said Jack, "for such fury cannot last long." It was soon seen he was right in his surmises, for soon the rain ceased, and the wind blew less, and nearly ceased, though the waves continued to run high.

After a short time Mr. Gibbons said: "Thank God, no vessel has gone to pieces on 'Sunken Rock' to-night. I think, my brave men, we can now return to the cottage, where my wife will give us some refreshments."

But hardly had he got through speaking before they heard the same sound of distress that had caught the listening ear of Paul and Rita—the terrible boom! boom! of the minute gun, as it floated over the water. They looked at each other in dismay as that sound reached their ears. They had heard it many times, and knew its terrible import.

"Poor souls! I fear you are doomed," said Mr. Gibbons.

"No use, men, to launch the boat in this frightful sea; we should only be swamped," said Sailor Jack. "We will have to wait awhile, at least."

"Sh! here comes some one," said Mr. Gibbons, as his ear caught the sound of approaching footsteps coming quickly in their direction. "Tis Paul West," he said as the footsteps came nearer and nearer. When Paul reached them he immediately told the men of the capture of the wrecker, and they gathered around, a little excited group, eager to learn all the particulars concerning the affair. Paul

told them in a few brief words how it happened, much the same as we have related it in the preceding chapter. They were all glad to be rid of that scourge of the coast, and were loud in their expressions of delight at Paul's success.

"Well done, my brave lad," said Sailor Jack, grasping Paul's hand, and shaking it heartily.

"You did a good night's work," said Mr. Gibbons; "that will be the means of breaking up the band soon, I am sure; but while the storm has brought good in one quarter, evil results have followed in another. I fear the wrecker has been the means of wrecking a vessel off the Point to-night. I do not hear the signal any more; I fear the vessel has sunk."

After a couple of hours had passed, Paul said: "Cannot we launch the lifeboat and row towards the wreck? Perhaps we may pick up some poor soul; if we only save one we will be amply repaid for our trouble and danger?"

"I fear it will be no use, for it seems impossible anyone could live long in these waters; but we can try," said Mr. Gibbons, and launching the boat, these few brave men rowed out on the rough waters, imperiling their lives in the hope they might, perhaps, save one noble soul from a watery grave. The boat was tossed about like an eggshell; but though the spray swept over them they were not engulfed, and slowly they pulled out in the direction of Sunken Rock Point, often resting on their oars for a few minutes, while they sent their voices out over the waters, then listening to hear any answering cry for help. They soon began to think it of no use, for all seemed quiet except the noise of the water.

They were just on the point of returning to shore, when, sending out again that cry, "ship ahoy!" as one last effort, they were rewarded, for it was then they heard Mr. Grant's feeble cry for "help! help!" Rowing in the direction whence the cry came, they soon reached him, for in his tossing about the waves had carried him some distance away from the scene of the wreck. By the light of Paul's lantern, they saw him still clinging to the spar. When they reached him he was so nearly exhausted as to be unable to help himself.

Strange hands reached out and with difficulty pulled him in the boat, where no faint he sank down.

"Friger," said Jack, as Paul flashed his eyes the white, pale face of the rescued nameless, rowed about awhile longer, but representing nothing more, they pulled trouble inland. On reaching the shore Spiritual met him out of the boat, and, con- longer coaxed him, placed him on it and

Next Sunday he cottage of Mr. Gibbons, son and Moore at the door by Mrs. Gibbons on the rosy face. She was always large attendance forms that swept over such fury, as if it enough for him. To the other men who had

so manfully risked their lives that night he made a liberal gift, which was thankfully received by these poor sailors, for it gave them many comforts which, if obtained by work, could have been earned only by long years of toil and hardship.

One day while sitting by the open window pondering over these things, and wishing he could think of some way to repay his kind friends for their trouble and care of him without offending their sensitive feelings, he saw Rita's guitar hanging on the wall. Mr. Gibbons, being in the room, observed his glance with a smile.

"Does your daughter play?" Mr. Grant enquired.

"At times," was the reply.

"I would like very much to hear her, for I am very fond of music," Mr. Grant said.

"She only plays under inspiration," answered Mr. Gibbons; "of herself she knows not a note."

Mr. Grant looked at him in wondering surprise. "Whom and what were these strange people he had come among?" was the thought in his mind as he listened to this reply. "I do not understand you," he said.

"I see by your look that my talk sounds strange to you, so I will explain; but first let me ask you a question: Do you know anything of the phenomena of Spiritualism, of the communion of mortals yet in the flesh with spirits of departed friends?"

"No, I confess I do not," replied Mr. Grant, interested in the turn the conversation had taken. "I would it were true, but I deem it impossible. I have always looked upon death as the end of all things—the grave as the final destination of all human beings. I would be glad to think otherwise, but I cannot."

"My friend," said Mr. Gibbons, looking with pitying sorrow at the disturbed countenance of his guest, "if such thoughts dwell in your mind you must indeed be unhappy. But I know there is no death; what seems so to us is but the throwing off of natural matter; that the spirit, released from its environments of flesh, may be clothed anew, and filled with greater knowledge, advance and progress in higher spheres of life, and so fulfill its destiny. I know that after so-called death spirits of our loved ones can and do return to earth, and are often near us, though unseen by our mortal eyes, sharing in our griefs and rejoicing in our prosperity. I have had this demonstrated to my entire satisfaction here in my

the wrekker, and then separated to go to their several homes—all but Paul, who stayed to guard his captive.

In reply to his question as to where he was, a kind voice said: "You will be all right soon." Mrs. Gibbons appeared, and, giving him something strengthening as well as nourishing, he soon sank into a slumber of complete exhaustion. Then a good supper was given the men, and they talked long over the events of the evening, and great was their wonder as to whom the stranger could be. After discussing this, they all took a look at the wrecker, and then separated to go to their several homes—all but Paul, who stayed to guard his captive.

In reply to his question as to where he was, a kind voice said: "You will be all right soon." Mrs. Gibbons appeared, and, giving him something strengthening as well as nourishing, he soon sank into a slumber of complete exhaustion. Then a good supper was given the men, and they talked long over the events of the evening, and great was their wonder as to whom the stranger could be. After discussing this, they all took a look at the wrecker, and then separated to go to their several homes—all but Paul, who stayed to guard his captive.

In reply to his question as to where he was, a kind voice said: "You will be all right soon." Mrs. Gibbons appeared, and, giving him something strengthening as well as nourishing, he soon sank into a slumber of complete exhaustion. Then a good supper was given the men, and they talked long over the events of the evening, and great was their wonder as to whom the stranger could be. After discussing this, they all took a look at the wrecker, and then separated to go to their several homes—all but Paul, who stayed to guard his captive.

In reply to his question as to where he was, a kind voice said: "You will be all right soon." Mrs. Gibbons appeared, and, giving him something strengthening as well as nourishing, he soon sank into a slumber of complete exhaustion. Then a good supper was given the men, and they talked long over the events of the evening, and great was their wonder as to whom the stranger could be. After discussing this, they all took a look at the wrecker, and then separated to go to their several homes—all but Paul, who stayed to guard his captive.

In reply to his question as to where he was, a kind voice said: "You will be all right soon." Mrs. Gibbons appeared, and, giving him something strengthening as well as nourishing, he soon sank into a slumber of complete exhaustion. Then a good supper was given the men, and they talked long over the events of the evening, and great was their wonder as to whom the stranger could be. After discussing this, they all took a look at the wrecker, and then separated to go to their several homes—all but Paul, who stayed to guard his captive.

In reply to his question as to where he was, a kind voice said: "You will be all right soon." Mrs. Gibbons appeared, and, giving him something strengthening as well as nourishing, he soon sank into a slumber of complete exhaustion. Then a good supper was given the men, and they talked long over the events of the evening, and great was their wonder as to whom the stranger could be. After discussing this, they all took a look at the wrecker, and then separated to go to their several homes—all but Paul, who stayed to guard his captive.

In reply to his question as to where he was, a kind voice said: "You will be all right soon." Mrs. Gibbons appeared, and, giving him something strengthening as well as nourishing, he soon sank into a slumber of complete exhaustion. Then a good supper was given the men, and they talked long over the events of the evening, and great was their wonder as to whom the stranger could be. After discussing this, they all took a look at the wrecker, and then separated to go to their several homes—all but Paul, who stayed to guard his captive.

In reply to his question as to where he was, a kind voice said: "You will be all right soon." Mrs. Gibbons appeared, and, giving him something strengthening as well as nourishing, he soon sank into a slumber of complete exhaustion. Then a good supper was given the men, and they talked long over the events of the evening, and great was their wonder as to whom the stranger could be. After discussing this, they all took a look at the wrecker, and then separated to go to their several homes—all but Paul, who stayed to guard his captive.

In reply to his question as to where he was, a kind voice said: "You will be all right soon." Mrs. Gibbons appeared, and, giving him something strengthening as well as nourishing, he soon sank into a slumber of complete exhaustion. Then a good supper was given the men, and they talked long over the events of the evening, and great was their wonder as to whom the stranger could be. After discussing this, they all took a look at the wrecker, and then separated to go to their several homes—all but Paul, who stayed to guard his captive.

In reply to his question as to where he was, a kind voice said: "You will be all right soon." Mrs. Gibbons appeared, and, giving him something strengthening as well as nourishing, he soon sank into a slumber of complete exhaustion. Then a good supper was given the men, and they talked long over the events of the evening, and great was their wonder as to whom the stranger could be. After discussing this, they all took a look at the wrecker, and then separated to go to their several homes—all but Paul, who stayed to guard his captive.

In reply to his question as to where he was, a kind voice said: "You will be all right soon." Mrs. Gibbons appeared, and, giving him something strengthening as well as nourishing, he soon sank into a slumber of complete exhaustion. Then a good supper was given the men, and they talked long over the events of the evening, and great was their wonder as to whom the stranger could be. After discussing this, they all took a look at the wrecker, and then separated to go to their several homes—all but Paul, who stayed to guard his captive.

In reply to his question as to where he was, a kind voice said: "You will be all right soon." Mrs. Gibbons appeared, and, giving him something strengthening as well as nourishing, he soon sank into a slumber of complete exhaustion. Then a good supper was given the men, and they talked long over the events of the evening, and great was their wonder as to whom the stranger could be. After discussing this, they all took a look at the wrecker, and then separated to go to their several homes—all but Paul, who stayed to guard his captive.

In reply to his question as to where he was, a kind voice said: "You will be all right soon." Mrs. Gibbons appeared, and, giving him something strengthening as well as nourishing, he soon sank into a slumber of complete exhaustion. Then a good supper was given the men, and they talked long over the events of the evening, and great was their wonder as to whom the stranger could be. After discussing this, they all took a look at the wrecker, and then separated to go to their several homes—all but Paul, who stayed to guard his captive.

In reply to his question as to where he was, a kind voice said: "You will be all right soon." Mrs. Gibbons appeared, and, giving him something strengthening as well as nourishing, he soon sank into a slumber of complete exhaustion. Then a good supper was given the men, and they talked long over the events of the evening, and great was their wonder as to whom the stranger could be. After discussing this, they all took a look at the wrecker, and then separated to go to their several homes—all but Paul, who stayed to guard his captive.

In reply to his question as to where he was, a kind voice said: "You will be all right soon." Mrs. Gibbons appeared, and, giving him something strengthening as well as nourishing, he soon sank into a slumber of complete exhaustion. Then a good supper was given the men, and they talked long over the events of the evening, and great was their wonder as to whom the stranger could be. After discussing this, they all took a look at the wrecker, and then separated to go to their several homes—all but Paul, who stayed to guard his captive.

In reply to his question as to where he was, a kind voice said: "You will be all right soon." Mrs. Gibbons appeared, and, giving him something strengthening as well as nourishing, he soon sank into a slumber of complete exhaustion. Then a good supper was given the men, and they talked long over the events of the evening, and great was their wonder as to whom the stranger could be. After discussing this, they all took a look at the wrecker, and then separated to go to their several homes—all but Paul, who stayed to guard his captive.

In reply to his question as to where he was, a kind voice said: "You will be all right soon." Mrs. Gibbons appeared, and, giving him something strengthening as well as nourishing, he soon sank into a slumber of complete exhaustion. Then a good supper was given the men, and they talked long over the events of the evening, and great was their wonder as to whom the stranger could be. After discussing this, they all took a look at the wrecker, and then separated to go to their several homes—all but Paul, who stayed to guard his captive.

In reply to his question as to where he was, a kind voice said: "You will be all right soon." Mrs. Gibbons appeared, and, giving him something strengthening as well as nourishing, he soon sank into a slumber of complete exhaustion. Then a good supper was given the men, and they talked long over the events of the evening, and great was their wonder as to whom the stranger could be. After discussing this, they all took a look at the wrecker, and then separated to go to their several homes—all but Paul, who stayed to guard his captive.

In reply to his question as to where he was, a kind voice said: "You will be all right soon." Mrs. Gibbons appeared, and, giving him something strengthening as well as nourishing, he soon sank into a slumber of complete exhaustion. Then a good supper was given the men, and they talked long over the events of the evening, and great was their wonder as to whom the stranger could be. After discussing this, they all took a look at the wrecker, and then separated to go to their several homes—all but Paul, who stayed to guard his captive.

In reply to his question as to where he was, a kind voice said: "You will be all right soon." Mrs. Gibbons appeared, and, giving him something strengthening as well as nourishing, he soon sank into a slumber of complete exhaustion. Then a good supper was given the men, and they talked long over the events of the evening, and great was their wonder as to whom the stranger could be. After discussing this, they all took a look at the wrecker, and then separated to go to their several homes—all but Paul, who stayed to guard his captive.

In reply to his question as to where he was, a kind voice said: "You will be all right soon." Mrs. Gibbons appeared, and, giving him something strengthening as well as nourishing, he soon sank into a slumber of complete exhaustion. Then a good supper was given the men, and they talked long over the events of the evening, and great was their wonder as to whom the stranger could be. After discussing this, they all took a look at the wrecker, and then separated to go to their several homes—all but Paul, who stayed to guard his captive.

In reply to his question as to where he was, a kind voice said: "You will be all right soon." Mrs. Gibbons appeared, and, giving him something strengthening as well as nourishing, he soon sank into a slumber of complete exhaustion. Then a good supper was given the men, and they talked long over the events of the evening, and great was their wonder as to whom the stranger could be. After discussing this, they all took a look at the wrecker, and then separated to go to their several homes—all but Paul, who stayed to guard his captive.

In reply to his question as to where he was, a kind voice said: "You will be all right soon." Mrs. Gibbons appeared, and, giving him something strengthening as well as nourishing, he soon sank into a slumber of complete exhaustion. Then a good supper was given the men, and they talked long over the events of the evening, and great was their wonder as to whom the stranger could be. After discussing this, they all took a look at the wrecker, and then separated to go to their several homes—all but Paul, who stayed to guard his captive.

In reply to his question as to where he was, a kind voice said: "You will be all right soon." Mrs. Gibbons appeared, and, giving him something strengthening as well as nourishing, he soon sank into a slumber of complete exhaustion. Then a good supper was given the men, and they talked long over the events of the evening, and great was their wonder as to whom the stranger could be. After discussing this, they all took a look at the wrecker, and then separated to go to their several homes—all but Paul, who stayed to guard his captive.

In reply to his question as to where he was, a kind voice said: "You will be all right soon." Mrs. Gibbons appeared, and, giving him something strengthening as well as nourishing, he soon sank into a slumber of complete exhaustion. Then a good supper was given the men, and they talked long over the events of the evening, and great was their wonder as to whom the stranger could be. After discussing this, they all took a look at the wrecker, and then separated to go to their several homes—all but Paul, who stayed to guard his captive.

In reply to his question as to where he was, a kind voice said: "You will be all right soon." Mrs. Gibbons appeared, and, giving him something strengthening as well as nourishing, he soon sank into a slumber of complete exhaustion. Then a good supper was given the men, and they talked long over the events of the evening, and great was their wonder as to whom the stranger could be. After discussing this, they all took a look at the wrecker, and then separated to go to their several homes—all but Paul, who stayed to guard his captive.

In reply to his question as to where he was, a kind voice said: "You will be all right soon." Mrs. Gibbons appeared, and, giving him something strengthening as well as nourishing, he soon sank into a slumber of complete exhaustion. Then a good supper was given the men, and they talked long over the events of the evening, and great was their wonder as to whom the stranger could be. After discussing this, they all took a look at the wrecker, and then separated to go to their several homes—all but Paul, who stayed to guard his captive.

In reply to his question as to where he was, a kind voice said: "You will be all right soon." Mrs. Gibbons appeared, and, giving him something strengthening as well as nourishing, he soon sank into a slumber of complete exhaustion. Then a good supper was given the men, and they talked long over the events of the evening, and great was their wonder as to whom the stranger could be. After discussing this, they all took a look at the wrecker, and then separated to go to their several homes—all but Paul, who stayed to guard his captive.

In reply to his question as to where he was, a kind voice said: "You will be all right soon." Mrs. Gibbons appeared, and, giving him something strengthening as well as nourishing, he soon sank into a slumber of complete exhaustion. Then a good supper was given the men, and they talked long over the events of the evening, and great was their wonder as to whom the stranger could be. After discussing this, they all took a look at the wrecker, and then separated to go to their several homes—all but Paul, who stayed to guard his captive.

In reply to his question as to where he was, a kind voice said: "You will be all right soon." Mrs. Gibbons appeared, and, giving him something strengthening as well as nourishing, he soon sank into a slumber of complete exhaustion. Then a good supper was given the men, and they talked long over the events of the evening, and great was their wonder as to whom the stranger could be. After discussing this, they all took a look at the wrecker, and then separated to go to their several homes—all but Paul, who stayed to guard his captive.

In reply to his question as to where he was, a kind voice said: "You will be all right soon." Mrs. Gibbons appeared, and, giving him something strengthening as well as nourishing, he soon sank into a slumber of complete exhaustion. Then a good supper was given the men, and they talked long over the events of the evening, and great was their wonder as to whom the stranger could be. After discussing this, they all took a look at the wrecker, and then separated to go to their several homes—all but Paul, who stayed to guard his captive.

In reply to his question as to where he was, a kind voice said: "You will be all right soon." Mrs. Gibbons appeared, and, giving him something strengthening as well as nourishing, he soon sank into a slumber of complete exhaustion. Then a good supper was given the men, and they talked long over the events of the evening, and great was their wonder as to whom the stranger could be. After discussing this, they all took a look at the wrecker, and then separated to go to their several homes—all but Paul, who stayed to guard his captive.

In reply to his question as to where he was, a kind voice said: "You will be all right soon." Mrs. Gibbons appeared, and, giving him something strengthening as well as nourishing, he soon sank into a slumber of complete exhaustion. Then a good supper was given the men, and they talked long over the events of the evening, and great was their wonder as to whom the stranger could be. After discussing this, they all took a look at the wrecker, and then separated to go to their several homes—all but Paul, who stayed to guard his captive

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER'S TRACT.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

The Poets and Poetry of Spiritualism.

A Chapter of Poetic Pearls.

Beaming with Immortal Life and Scintillating with a Light Divine.

BY J. C. COX.

In all ages the poets and prophets have felt more or less possessed by a power which seemed to come from beyond their conscious selves. In tracing history and in an examination of the poetic literature of all ages, we are continually impressed with the fact that most of earth's noblest and finest natures profoundly believed themselves inspired, and that they were at times controlled by or in communication with extra-mundane intelligences, which fired their souls with vital thoughts of an extraordinary character. In fact there is hardly an exception in any of the poets' writings but that they teach continuous existence and spirit communication, and very many do so extensively—for instance, Tennyson, Longfellow, Whittier, Victor Hugo, Alice and Phoebe Carey, Wordsworth, Mrs. Browning, Gerald Massey, Bryant, Faber, Pope, T. L. Harris, Lizzie Doten, Theodore Tilton, Mrs. Stowe and hosts of others outside and inside of the spiritualistic ranks. Read Tennyson's, 'In Memoriam' and you will see he was a clair-avant and inspirational medium. "He was fully conscious of communion with spirits or intelligences not of this world. He felt them near him, and his mind was impressed with their ideas," says W. T. Stead, editor of *Review of Reviews*, and much more to same purport.

I deem the quotation "There is no death," as the keynote and as expressive of the sum total and fundamental truth of our science, philosophy and religion; that is the one necessary fact of the religion of the future, otherwise all is vanity, and life and being a failure. The above sublime thought originally expressed by Longfellow in his 'Resignation,' has been the inspiration of many poems of transcendent beauty and truth. I here give this familiar stanza:

There is no death! What seems so is transition.

This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portals we call death.

The most popular and noted is the poem "There Is No Death," by J. L. McCreery, an attorney of Washington, D. C., who is known as a Spiritualist, and occasionally speaks at their meetings. This has been wrongly attributed to and much quoted by competent people crediting it to Edward Bulwer Lytton. Although both the Bulwers, father and son, were Spiritualists, and wrote much to confirm their knowledge and belief of spirit existence and communion, neither ever claimed to write this poem.

About three years ago Helen Stuart Bulwer wrote the following:

"Honor to Whom Honor is Due."

In the few years of my labors on the spiritual platform, among the many poems read as an adjunct to my lectures, none have been received with more marks of favor than "There Is No Death."

I had the pleasure of meeting the author of this poem in Washington, D. C., in the winter of 1886. Quiet and unassuming, yet earnest and self-possessed; retiring almost to bashfulness in public, yet genial and witty at his own fireside and among friends; well-informed on all the questions of the day, and possessed of a heart that beat responsive to the great throbbing heart of laboring humanity; a lover of justice, a sincere friend, a true Spiritualist, a devoted husband, a tender father and gentleman. As such I came to know him, and among my treasures prized for their associations, none are more valued than "Songs of Toil and Triumph," by J. L. McCreery, from the preface of which the following is quoted:

"The first poem in the volume has been the subject of considerable controversy. It was written late in the fall of 1862, and the next season was sent to *Arthur's Home Magazine*, Philadelphia, appearing therein in the number for July, 1863. One E. Bulwer, of Illinois, copied it, signed his own name to it, and sent it (as his own) to the *Farmer's Advocate*, Chicago. The editor of some Wisconsin paper (whose name I have forgotten, if I ever knew) clipped it from the *Farmer's Advocate* for his own columns; but supposing that there was a misprint in the signature—changed the 'm' therein to a 'w'—and thus the name of 'Bulwer' became attached to the poem. An immense accession of popularity immediately followed. Copies of papers containing it—credited to Bulwer—have been sent me from nearly every State in the Union, and from England, Scotland and Ireland; it is to be found in orthodox and spiritual hymn and song books, in at least one school reader in wide use, and in a score of bound volumes of selections; it has been quoted from in speeches in the Legislatures of several States, and several times in the Congress of the United States.

Every reader can decide for himself whether this widespread popularity has its basis in the merits of the poem or in the celebrity of its supposed author."

The author of the following poem is Dr. George Wentz, a native and resident of Baltimore. He is the author of 'The Lady of the Sea,' a poem of some length founded on an Orkney legend, and many shorter lyrical poems. One is entitled 'Sweet Spirit, Hear My Prayer,' which is beautiful in spiritualistic thought:

"No Death."

There is no death; the common end
Of life and growth we comprehend
Is not of forms that cease, but mend—
It is not death, but change.

When winter the seed the sower sows
Beneath the clay of winter snows?
The autumn harvest plainly shows
It was not death, but change.
When science weighs and counts the strands
In cosmic nature's bands,
She re-collects them in her hands
To show no loss from change.
They do not die, our darling ones;
From falling leaves to burning suns,
Through worlds on worlds the legend runs,
It is not death, but change.
When stills the heart and dims the eye,
And round our couch friends wonder why
The signs have ceased they know us by,
It is not death, but change.

Neither Mr. McCreery nor Mrs. Richings say how many stanzas were in the original, nor how many as it stands in his 'Songs of Toil and Triumph.' Never having seen the book I am unable to tell, but it is given in some selections credited to McCreery, and in Mrs. Abby A. Judson's book "Why She Became a Spiritualist," attributed to Edward Bulwer Lytton, in ten stanzas as follows: (I consider this the original until corrected.)

There Is No Death.

There is no death. The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore:
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize,
And feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
And flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait, through wintry hours,
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best-loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones
Made glad these scenes of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song
Around the tree of life.

Where'er he sees a smile so bright,
Or heart too pure for taint or vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them the same—
Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead.

"The Royal Gallery of Poetry and Art," a large and handsome collection, by Rev. W. H. Milburn, D. D., published 1887, and "The Home Library," compiled by R. G. Peale, another large work published in Chicago, 1887, and, it is not mistaken, Rev. Maturin Ballou, a Universalist clergyman, in his "Treasury of Poetic Thought" give the poem as above, and credit it properly to McCreery. I have seen the above ten verses verbatim in cheap collections, also with slight changes, and in publications and newspapers, attributed to Bulwer as well as McCreery, and often published naming no author (the above is a clipping of that sort). Have seen, many incorrectly give the last line: "Is life—there is no death;" only recently it is so quoted in the *Light of Truth*, and several weeks ago in an article in *The PROGRESSIVE THINKER*, quoting first, second, third, fourth and tenth stanzas. The writer quotes "is" instead of "are" in the last line, and uses "heavens" instead of "leaves," and "wait" instead of "wait" in fourth stanza, and erroneously says Bulwer (Lord Lytton) wrote this, although not before this in your paper some one wrote it belonged to McCreery, and that Lord Lytton never claimed it, quoting correctly seven stanzas. Mrs. Richings quotes at the end of the above article the first and tenth stanzas as above given, with the tenth and eleventh stanzas of a poem in "Burial Service," compiled by Jacob Edson and Henry Lemon, 1892, composed of sixteen stanzas, entitled "There Is No Death," by J. L. McCreery, giving only the first, second (as third) and fourth stanzas in beginning and above putting the tenth and last as sixteenth. The second is similar (but changed) to the third in above poem. The remaining five stanzas are left out entirely, and between the fourth and tenth are given (entirely differently) eleven stanzas, as follows:

There is no death! the choicest gifts
That heaven hath kindly lent to earth
Are ever first to seek again
The country of their birth;

And all things that for growth or joy
Are worthy of our love or care,
Whose loss has left us desolate,
Are safely gathered there.

Though life become a desert waste,
We know its fairest, sweetest flowers,
Transplanted into paradise,
Adorn immortal bowers.

The voice of bird-like melody
That we have missed and mourned so long,
Now mingle with the angel-choir
In everlasting song.

There is no death! Although we grieve
When beautiful, familiar forms
That we have learned to love are torn
From our embracing arms,—

Although with bowed and breaking heart,
With sable garb and silent tread,

We bear their senseless dust to rest,
And say that they are "dead."

They are not dead! They have but passed
Beyond the mists that bind us here,
Into the new and larger life
Of that serene sphere.

They have but dropped their robe of clay
To put their shining raiment on;
They have not wandered far away,
They are not "lost" or "gone."

Though disenthralled and glorified,
They still are here and love us yet;
The dear ones they have left behind
They never can forget.

And sometimes when our hearts grow faint
Amid temptations fierce and deep,
Or when the wildly raging waves
Of grief or passion sweep.

We feel upon our fevered brow
Their gentle touch, their breath of balm;
Their arms enfold us, and our hearts
Grow comforted and calm.

The sixteenth verse is the tenth of what is generally considered McCreery's poem. The above is beautiful sentiment, but not as good as the five verses omitted, nor as good poetry. The stanzas quoted by Mrs. R., tenth and eleventh, she puts between first and tenth of the first above quoted poem. Now, how is this? She seems to write from a standpoint of being informed, as she is, and yet I have never before seen these lines. The standard poem seems to be the ten-stanza poem, which has gone the rounds as Bulwer's, and as McCreery's as well.

I see it is credited to Lord Lytton in the popular "Standard Recitations, No. 3," compiled by Frances P. Sullivan (there now being out thirty-eight of these books). In the "Home Library" referred to, after giving it correctly, and to McCreery, credits in another place the fifth stanza to "Harvey." Also, clipped from a *Banner of Light*, the fifth and last stanzas, signed by "L. H. Harris." In a book compiled and edited by Rev. Dr. J. W. Hanson, a Universalist clergyman and editor of Chicago, and published in 1880, in which the undersigned assisted in some of its collections, called "A Cloud of Witnesses," are given, with other extracts of the younger Bulwer Lytton—the first, second, fifth and sixth verses—and correctly so, only it seems strange that Mr. Hanson, although a literary man, did not know that it was not Bulwer's poem.

Another strange fact is that Giles B. Stebbins (so well-posted, too), in his book "Poems of the Life Beyond and Within," a most transcendently beautiful compilation of gems of our truth, and published as late as 1877, has omitted this world wide known poem, and he an old war horse in our cause; and so with that other great character, Warren Chase, in his collection of gems in his "Forty Years on the Spiritual Rostrum." Why do men like Sargent, Stebbins and Chase omit and overlook this remarkable poem in their collections, when, with all due credit to other poems, it is superior and by the same fraternity as these great apostles were the advocates of? The writer would like to know of some reader the author of the following, found in "Truth-Seeker Collection of Forms, Hymns and Recitations," compiled in part by Spiritualists:

There is no death in this wide world,
But one eternal scene of change;

The flag of life is never furled,
It only taketh wider range.

There is no death; the festering heap gives

forth the rose,

Whose perfume fills the air, and, painted by

the sun,

It blossoms, the tombstone of decay; its life,
too, must close,

Like all that went before, but ere it ends

another is begun.

There is no death; the silent rock creeps up the

lofty pine,

And revels in light, beating the air with

leafy wings,

Until some human ear perceives a melody

divine,

When, through a human brain, the rock lifts

up its voice and sings.

There is no death; the senseless clay lives in

the waving corn;

Thus earth, a mighty sepulchre, gives up

its dead, nor can

It hold them back; each drop and grain of

sand is borne

Alternate into plant, or noble brute, or

noblest man.

Since writing above I have discovered that

Richard M. Milnes, born 1809, gave voice to

the same expression that is the central thought

and fact of Spiritualism, used later by Longfellow in his "Resignation," and from which Florence Marryatt names her recent very popular work, "There Is No Death." I quote following from Milnes:

Yea! who talk of death and mourn for death,
Why do you raise a phantom of your weakness,

And then shriek loud to see what you have

made?

There is no death to those who know of life—

No time to those who see eternity!

Also see this extract from the famous poem

"The Butterfly," written many years ago by some one unknown:

Hold! the soul of nature saith

There is no such thing as death!

Every form is marked by change

But to take a higher range.

On the metamorphosis

Of a folded chrysalis,

Hope this truth may predicate:

All that live doth heaven await.

This collection has this and that other beau-

tiful poem entitled "There Is No Death," by

Horace M. Richards, containing eight stanzas,

which is much quoted from by our speakers

and writers. He was a Spiritualist, and in-

spirationally the author of several other poems

teaching our great truth. He recently passed

beyond, and his poem was recited at his

funeral. He also fails to include McCreery's

"There Is No Death." Here is Richards'

poem:

There Is No Death.

There is no death! 'tis but the higher birth,

The stepping out from clay away from earth,

A spirit disenthralled, forever free,

'tis but renewing life, not death to me.

There is no death! all nature proves this truth;

'tis but the glad returning of our youth;

That brings again our loved ones nigh,

lovely and grand. Our friend Judge Thompson was present, and called the attention of the minister to the facts stated above. Below find some of this poem arranged to be sung

There Is No Death.

"BALERNA" — "MONTONVILLE,"

(Arranged by Judge E. Thompson, Dayton, O.)

There is no death. The stars go down

To rise on fairer shore,

And bright in heaven's jeweled crown

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER

Published every Saturday at No. 60 Lincoln Street

J. H. Francis, Editor and Publisher

Entered at Chicago Post Office as Second-class

Terms of Subscription.

The PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be furnished
for one year, at the following rates, correctly
to the post office:
U.S. \$1.00
U.S. \$1.25
U.S. \$1.50
U.S. \$1.75
U.S. \$2.00
U.S. \$2.25
U.S. \$2.50
U.S. \$2.75
U.S. \$3.00
U.S. \$3.25
U.S. \$3.50
U.S. \$3.75
U.S. \$4.00
U.S. \$4.25
U.S. \$4.50
U.S. \$4.75
U.S. \$5.00
U.S. \$5.25
U.S. \$5.50
U.S. \$5.75
U.S. \$6.00
U.S. \$6.25
U.S. \$6.50
U.S. \$6.75
U.S. \$7.00
U.S. \$7.25
U.S. \$7.50
U.S. \$7.75
U.S. \$8.00
U.S. \$8.25
U.S. \$8.50
U.S. \$8.75
U.S. \$9.00
U.S. \$9.25
U.S. \$9.50
U.S. \$9.75
U.S. \$10.00
U.S. \$10.25
U.S. \$10.50
U.S. \$10.75
U.S. \$11.00
U.S. \$11.25
U.S. \$11.50
U.S. \$11.75
U.S. \$12.00
U.S. \$12.25
U.S. \$12.50
U.S. \$12.75
U.S. \$13.00
U.S. \$13.25
U.S. \$13.50
U.S. \$13.75
U.S. \$14.00
U.S. \$14.25
U.S. \$14.50
U.S. \$14.75
U.S. \$15.00
U.S. \$15.25
U.S. \$15.50
U.S. \$15.75
U.S. \$16.00
U.S. \$16.25
U.S. \$16.50
U.S. \$16.75
U.S. \$17.00
U.S. \$17.25
U.S. \$17.50
U.S. \$17.75
U.S. \$18.00
U.S. \$18.25
U.S. \$18.50
U.S. \$18.75
U.S. \$19.00
U.S. \$19.25
U.S. \$19.50
U.S. \$19.75
U.S. \$20.00
U.S. \$20.25
U.S. \$20.50
U.S. \$20.75
U.S. \$21.00
U.S. \$21.25
U.S. \$21.50
U.S. \$21.75
U.S. \$22.00
U.S. \$22.25
U.S. \$22.50
U.S. \$22.75
U.S. \$23.00
U.S. \$23.25
U.S. \$23.50
U.S. \$23.75
U.S. \$24.00
U.S. \$24.25
U.S. \$24.50
U.S. \$24.75
U.S. \$25.00
U.S. \$25.25
U.S. \$25.50
U.S. \$25.75
U.S. \$26.00
U.S. \$26.25
U.S. \$26.50
U.S. \$26.75
U.S. \$27.00
U.S. \$27.25
U.S. \$27.50
U.S. \$27.75
U.S. \$28.00
U.S. \$28.25
U.S. \$28.50
U.S. \$28.75
U.S. \$29.00
U.S. \$29.25
U.S. \$29.50
U.S. \$29.75
U.S. \$30.00
U.S. \$30.25
U.S. \$30.50
U.S. \$30.75
U.S. \$31.00
U.S. \$31.25
U.S. \$31.50
U.S. \$31.75
U.S. \$32.00
U.S. \$32.25
U.S. \$32.50
U.S. \$32.75
U.S. \$33.00
U.S. \$33.25
U.S. \$33.50
U.S. \$33.75
U.S. \$34.00
U.S. \$34.25
U.S. \$34.50
U.S. \$34.75
U.S. \$35.00
U.S. \$35.25
U.S. \$35.50
U.S. \$35.75
U.S. \$36.00
U.S. \$36.25
U.S. \$36.50
U.S. \$36.75
U.S. \$37.00
U.S. \$37.25
U.S. \$37.50
U.S. \$37.75
U.S. \$38.00
U.S. \$38.25
U.S. \$38.50
U.S. \$38.75
U.S. \$39.00
U.S. \$39.25
U.S. \$39.50
U.S. \$39.75
U.S. \$40.00
U.S. \$40.25
U.S. \$40.50
U.S. \$40.75
U.S. \$41.00
U.S. \$41.25
U.S. \$41.50
U.S. \$41.75
U.S. \$42.00
U.S. \$42.25
U.S. \$42.50
U.S. \$42.75
U.S. \$43.00
U.S. \$43.25
U.S. \$43.50
U.S. \$43.75
U.S. \$44.00
U.S. \$44.25
U.S. \$44.50
U.S. \$44.75
U.S. \$45.00
U.S. \$45.25
U.S. \$45.50
U.S. \$45.75
U.S. \$46.00
U.S. \$46.25
U.S. \$46.50
U.S. \$46.75
U.S. \$47.00
U.S. \$47.25
U.S. \$47.50
U.S. \$47.75
U.S. \$48.00
U.S. \$48.25
U.S. \$48.50
U.S. \$48.75
U.S. \$49.00
U.S. \$49.25
U.S. \$49.50
U.S. \$49.75
U.S. \$50.00
U.S. \$50.25
U.S. \$50.50
U.S. \$50.75
U.S. \$51.00
U.S. \$51.25
U.S. \$51.50
U.S. \$51.75
U.S. \$52.00
U.S. \$52.25
U.S. \$52.50
U.S. \$52.75
U.S. \$53.00
U.S. \$53.25
U.S. \$53.50
U.S. \$53.75
U.S. \$54.00
U.S. \$54.25
U.S. \$54.50
U.S. \$54.75
U.S. \$55.00
U.S. \$55.25
U.S. \$55.50
U.S. \$55.75
U.S. \$56.00
U.S. \$56.25
U.S. \$56.50
U.S. \$56.75
U.S. \$57.00
U.S. \$57.25
U.S. \$57.50
U.S. \$57.75
U.S. \$58.00
U.S. \$58.25
U.S. \$58.50
U.S. \$58.75
U.S. \$59.00
U.S. \$59.25
U.S. \$59.50
U.S. \$59.75
U.S. \$60.00
U.S. \$60.25
U.S. \$60.50
U.S. \$60.75
U.S. \$61.00
U.S. \$61.25
U.S. \$61.50
U.S. \$61.75
U.S. \$62.00
U.S. \$62.25
U.S. \$62.50
U.S. \$62.75
U.S. \$63.00
U.S. \$63.25
U.S. \$63.50
U.S. \$63.75
U.S. \$64.00
U.S. \$64.25
U.S. \$64.50
U.S. \$64.75
U.S. \$65.00
U.S. \$65.25
U.S. \$65.50
U.S. \$65.75
U.S. \$66.00
U.S. \$66.25
U.S. \$66.50
U.S. \$66.75
U.S. \$67.00
U.S. \$67.25
U.S. \$67.50
U.S. \$67.75
U.S. \$68.00
U.S. \$68.25
U.S. \$68.50
U.S. \$68.75
U.S. \$69.00
U.S. \$69.25
U.S. \$69.50
U.S. \$69.75
U.S. \$70.00
U.S. \$70.25
U.S. \$70.50
U.S. \$70.75
U.S. \$71.00
U.S. \$71.25
U.S. \$71.50
U.S. \$71.75
U.S. \$72.00
U.S. \$72.25
U.S. \$72.50
U.S. \$72.75
U.S. \$73.00
U.S. \$73.25
U.S. \$73.50
U.S. \$73.75
U.S. \$74.00
U.S. \$74.25
U.S. \$74.50
U.S. \$74.75
U.S. \$75.00
U.S. \$75.25
U.S. \$75.50
U.S. \$75.75
U.S. \$76.00
U.S. \$76.25
U.S. \$76.50
U.S. \$76.75
U.S. \$77.00
U.S. \$77.25
U.S. \$77.50
U.S. \$77.75
U.S. \$78.00
U.S. \$78.25
U.S. \$78.50
U.S. \$78.75
U.S. \$79.00
U.S. \$79.25
U.S. \$79.50
U.S. \$79.75
U.S. \$80.00
U.S. \$80.25
U.S. \$80.50
U.S. \$80.75
U.S. \$81.00
U.S. \$81.25
U.S. \$81.50
U.S. \$81.75
U.S. \$82.00
U.S. \$82.25
U.S. \$82.50
U.S. \$82.75
U.S. \$83.00
U.S. \$83.25
U.S. \$83.50
U.S. \$83.75
U.S. \$84.00
U.S. \$84.25
U.S. \$84.50
U.S. \$84.75
U.S. \$85.00
U.S. \$85.25
U.S. \$85.50
U.S. \$85.75
U.S. \$86.00
U.S. \$86.25
U.S. \$86.50
U.S. \$86.75
U.S. \$87.00
U.S. \$87.25
U.S. \$87.50
U.S. \$87.75
U.S. \$88.00
U.S. \$88.25
U.S. \$88.50
U.S. \$88.75
U.S. \$89.00
U.S. \$89.25
U.S. \$89.50
U.S. \$89.75
U.S. \$90.00
U.S. \$90.25
U.S. \$90.50
U.S. \$90.75
U.S. \$91.00
U.S. \$91.25
U.S. \$91.50
U.S. \$91.75
U.S. \$92.00
U.S. \$92.25
U.S. \$92.50
U.S. \$92.75
U.S. \$93.00
U.S. \$93.25
U.S. \$93.50
U.S. \$93.75
U.S. \$94.00
U.S. \$94.25
U.S. \$94.50
U.S. \$94.75
U.S. \$95.00
U.S. \$95.25
U.S. \$95.50
U.S. \$95.75
U.S. \$96.00
U.S. \$96.25
U.S. \$96.50
U.S. \$96.75
U.S. \$97.00
U.S. \$97.25
U.S. \$97.50
U.S. \$97.75
U.S. \$98.00
U.S. \$98.25
U.S. \$98.50
U.S. \$98.75
U.S. \$99.00
U.S. \$99.25
U.S. \$99.50
U.S. \$99.75
U.S. \$100.00

they can find a shady spot, on their arrival at the White City.

This end of the viaduct is a fine place of rendezvous for friends, for relatives, for man and wife, lover and maid. One can imagine a great many histories of the heart, as they walk the little by-ways—the flashing of sunshine and shadow over the faces on all sides. But THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER cannot hold it all at one sitting.

EXPOSING OF SHAMS.

All our life we have been engaged in fighting corruptings. At one eventful period in our career we came near being hurried prematurely to Spirit-life in consequence of one bold undertaking. In the early days of Kansas we were living in a town situated a few miles up the river from Kansas City, Mo. Quindaro was the name of the place. An old colored woman was one of its residents. One night a gang of border ruffians landed there from a steamer and with revolvers in hand stealthily marched through the town and succeeded in kidnapping her and reducing her to abject slavery. We condemned the outrage, exposed the gang, and used every method possible at the time to secure the liberty of the old colored woman. For the bold stand we had taken we were abused and lied about in the most shameful manner, and an effort was made to mob us and send us down the Missouri river, tied to a raft of floating logwood. Fortunately, we escaped danger.

We have made an invariable rule in life that while exposing the villainy of gangs, rings or artful schemers, never to swear a hair's breadth by abuse from the main object we have in view.

While Spiritualists as a class are the most moral people on this earth, and are far in advance of the churches, yet there are drunkards, the dishonest, the liars, the gamblers in their ranks, and those who will resort to questionable methods to get into the pockets of the confiding. They have some great scheme to establish a publishing house, or to sell bonds, which, apparently plausible, may be rotten to the core. Spiritualists should warn each other when danger is ahead. We almost fainted when a friend told us he had invested all his available means in mining bonds, which, when he gave the name of the mine, we knew were a gigantic fraud. He in turn grew pale when we told him it would prove a total loss, and it did, and he has been reduced to almost abject beggary. We made it our business to save other friends from a like disaster. Spiritualists—honest Spiritualists, must co-operate with us in exposing all business schemes of a questionable character, and thus save each other from loss. Not a day passes that our leading dailies in this city are not probing some rotten business transaction. No one would say: "Don't! oh! don't do it—it will injure our fair city!" Spiritualism never has been, and never will be, injured by any such probing process.

Was It an Astral Visit?

The people of Albany, Ga., are all talking about a very strange event which recently happened there, and which is reliably vouched for. A young North Carolinian had been making love to a young lady there, but a quarrel had broken off the match, and the young man went home and married another girl, says the *Albany Dispatch*.

A few days ago the young lady astonished her family by telling them that she had received a call at the place where she is employed that afternoon from her old sweetheart, and that he had repented of his harsh conduct toward her, and had made an ample apology. The sister and brother-in-law of the young man, who live in the city, denied the young lady's statement, knowing that two or three days before he had left for his home, and had had sufficient time to arrive there. The young lady was so positive in her statements that there was no room left for doubt. She gave a minute description of how the young man was dressed, and supported her statement by the evidence of some young men who had seen the young man at the same time. All this was stated in a letter which was next day sent to the young man, and the girl was mystified when a reply came back, telling her that she was mistaken, because on the afternoon she claimed to have seen the young man he was sleeping, and dreaming of her in his home, and, wonderful to relate, dreaming just such an apology and at the same time and place as she claimed to have seen him. There was a perfect correspondence between the young lady's statement and the young man's dream.

It is a block to Wabash avenue, straight ahead. Here cable-cars from north and south unload their passengers, while a block farther west the Van Buren street lines dump their sardine-fashion packed cars in quick succession. The horrors of the noted "middle passage" in the old slave-trade days have been long outdone by the West Side street-car management. During the morning hours the converging streams are constant.

The crowds take to the sidewalks and move toward the viaduct in a chattering stream, not in an unbroken marching column, but in intermittent waves. There will be two or three, a little space, an irregular short line, single file, then it will deepen and broaden. The motion and whole appearance reminds one of the dashing of the ocean waves upon the beach.

The mass seems to move uniformly, but on analyzing it, a great deal of difference appears in the individuals. There are those who believe that there will be a to-morrow, and perhaps a day after that, and act accordingly. Then there are those who are sure that the next train is to be the very last one, and the only duty they have left in life is to be sure and be on it. Although Chicago people are proverbially in a hurry, they also know how to endure elegant leisure when they have to, and when they start for the White City they are certain it will be there on and before October 31. It is our country cousins who are tearing their clothes in spurring to reach a train which goes every five minutes. It is our country cousins who, having left behind in their homes huge altars erected to housewifery and dedicated to eating, carry packages of provender, and gags filled with edibles, which many fall upon and devour as soon as

IMPORTANT HINTS.

About Metaphysical Thinking.

"A great many people speak lightly of metaphysics, but people don't think much—for you can't think physically," says Col. R. T. Van Horn in the Kansas City *Journal*. "A few so-called abstract ideas have controlled the human race in its development since the race was. Going back no farther than our own historic record a few sentences in the book of Genesis have swayed the thought systems of our civilization, and it is only within fifty years that any considerable class of thinkers has even questioned the systems built upon it."

in time and space, and those same intelligences released from those restrictions.

These will then be as readily understood as are now the telegraph and telephone, which a generation ago were caviare to the general. All that is now needed to this consummation is to dispense with "central."

"The Summerland."

We regret to learn that *The Summerland*, a Spiritualist paper published in California, has lately suspended. Mr. Williams, its publisher, has lost money on it from the start, and finally wisely concluded to suspend it for three months. Mr. Williams can have the satisfaction of knowing that he has spent his own money in this enterprise, and has not stealthily tried to bleed assistance from others to carry on distinctively a private enterprise. Nearly every Spiritualist paper that has failed (and one that is now being run) has been sustained by bleeding the charitable, and other questionable practices.

While *The Summerland* was most excellent in many respects, it failed to reach a circulation sufficiently large to be self-sustaining.

The graveyard of Spiritualist papers and publishing house enterprises presents a most lamentable spectacle. At least \$500,000 has been sunk in carrying them on until their final demise. We venture to say that had that amount of money been placed in the hands of one conscientious, honest, capable business man, that Spiritualists to-day would have a publishing house that would be instrumental in doing a vast amount of good. But these failing ventures are an added injury to the cause. They create distrust, uneasiness and a disposition to doubt every honest effort.

The paper that is constantly trying to get into the pockets of others, and that is always on the verge of success, but never quite there, failing in the end, is a great detriment to Spiritualism. It is evident that the "lady managers" might be persuaded to "move on" and go home. These subordinate officials on whom their superior devolved his own unpleasant duty have been at work for some time, but it is doubtful whether they could have persuaded Col. Cousins and the board away from an un-consumed appropriation had it not been for the suave firmness and the managing skill of the talented President, Mrs. Palmer. She it was who extorted from a reluctant majority a sudden vote of adjournment. She was braver than Mr. Carlisle. She did more to save the government money than he did, and did it in better form.

Now, Spiritualists, what is your duty? THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the only dollar paper now in the United States that is wholly sustained on subscriptions alone, and which accepts no gratuitous contributions, and which never "buttonholes" any man or woman for a gift or loan. It is on a substantial basis. Its weekly income meets all expenses, and has ever since the first issue, and has ever since the first issue, paid, and represents the interest on \$25,000 at 6 per cent.

Now, Spiritualists, what is your duty? Is it not in the line of work represented by THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER? We ask Spiritualists everywhere to co-operate with us in establishing a paper and publishing house that will be responsive to intellectual impression through manipulation. And in this intellectual impression through manipulation we find the key to creation—for life forms? but the expressions of the paramount intelligence—that the living principle or intelligence may grow in knowledge by association with other like intelligences within the great reservoir of life—space.

And what has taken the place of time and space, and other former categories in philosophy? The chief is "vibration." Modern experimenters like Tesla, for example, talk about vibration—what is it? Only the recognition by science that life is motion—activity. But science must always have a physical symbol, hence the word "vibration." But like the old measurement of planetary motion, the travel of light, etc., that came from the concept of time and space—speed that the

PSYCHICAL CONGRESS.

The Psychical Congress which convenes here August 21st, will no doubt present many thoughts that will attract general interest in the skeptical world, and while nothing new may be presented to the advanced Spiritualist, a new impetus will be given to the tide of investigation. The Congress will be noted for the absence from it of our principal speakers, leaders and advanced thinkers, yet for all that, many brainy men and women will have something to say there which will be instrumental in agitating thought.

If anyone is capable of presenting truths with reference to psychic force and its multifarious effects on the human soul and physical organization, it must be the advanced spirits who can control the well-developed medium. They alone are familiar with it; they alone in a great measure can control it, and understand its varied nature in connection with mortal life, and they alone would constitute a perfect Psychical Congress, from which great results might be anticipated.

As at present constituted we do not wish to throw "cold water" on the present movement. Differentiations in methods must be allowed, and however imperfect they may be, when truth is the object, they should always be met in a sympathetic spirit and a cordial hand be extended. Prof. B. F. Underwood, one of the controlling minds of the Congress, is a careful, critical, comprehensive thinker and painstaking student, always desiring to reach absolute truth, and while his methods may not be the ones we would have adopted, yet we have no doubt good will result therefrom. Methods must be as multifarious as there are human minds, and when the ultimate aim is to arrive at correct conclusions, then they should not only be tolerated but encouraged.

Hence we say that the Psychical Congress as at present constituted, with Prof. Underwood as the leading spirit, will prove of interest even to advanced Spiritualists, although they may be familiar with every leading fact in reference to psychic force that may be presented, and even able in many instances to impart instruction to those who discourse on "high-sounding subjects."

Psychical societies, as a general rule, are merely stepping-stones to Spiritualism, and of great assistance to a certain class of investigators. They do not pretend to be even a segment of Spiritualism, or any part of it. This Psychical Congress as at first outlined proposed to investigate the "spirit rap," which, to say the least, is stepping backward to the old house at Hydesville, N. Y., nearly forty-five years ago, and commencing with the a, b, c's. However, if those living, who must commence with the alphabet of our glorious philosophy, let them do so; give them a cordial greeting and hearing; but do not confound the Psychical Congress with Spiritualism, in a sense that it is controlled by leading Spiritualists, for it is not. The following subjects are to be discussed:

Prof. A. N. Aksakov, Official Report of the Milan Committee on Experiments with Emissary Palladino. Translated from the French, with Prof. Aksakov's MS., additions and corrections, by Dr. Coues.

Prof. A. Alexander (Rio), "A Description of Psychical Phenomena in Brazil."

Dr. Smith Baker, "Ethiological Significance of Heterogeneous Personality."

Prof. W. F. Barrett, F. R. S. E., "Experiments with the so-called Divining Rod."

Madame E. von Calcar, "Notes of Personal Experiences."

Wm. E. Coleman, "Critical Historical Review of the Theosophical Society."

Prof. E. D. Cope, "The Relation of Consciousness to its Physical Basis."

Dr. E. Coues, Exhibition of "Spirit Photographs" known to be spurious, and of others supposed to be genuine, with remarks.

Dr. E. and Mrs. E. Coues, On the alleged movements of objects without mechanical contact.

Judge A. H. Bailey, Report on the Case of Miss Mollie Faucher.

L. Delinard, "The Riddle of the Astral Body."

Dr. Geo. Faizi (Milan). [Expected, in person—to speak probably on the Milan Experiments.]

Senor Alfonso Herrera, "Short Account of some of the most remarkable Psychical Phenomena I have observed."

Richard Hodgson, LL. D., "Human Testimony in relation to alleged Psychical Phenomena."

Wm. Jay Hudson, "Evidence favoring the theory of the Dual Nature of the Human Mind."

Ben. B. Kingsbury, "Contribution to the Bibliography of Periodical Literature relating to Psychical Science, Spiritualism, etc."

Walter Litt, D. Leaf, "Madame Blavatsky and M. Solov'yoff," "Elementary Hints on Experimental Hypnotism."

Prof. Oliver J. Lodge, F. R. S. E., "Certain Phenomena of Trance."

Edward Maitland, B. A.

Dr. Edmund Montgomery (On Dreams, considered from the standpoint of Psychical Science).

Frederic W. H. Myers, M. A., "The Subliminal Self."

F. W. H. Myers, M. A., "The Evidence for Man's Survival of Death."

M. C. O'Byrne (La Salle, Ill.), "Psychical Science as an Incentive."

Frank Podmore, M. A., "Experimental Thought Transference."

Dr. John E. Purdon (Paper on certain Experiments with the Sphygmograph).

Mrs. Janet E. Rutter Rees, "Experimental Crystal-Gazing."

Prof. Dr. Charles Richet, "Notes on the Milan Experiments"—translated from the French by Dr. Coues.

Rev. Mr. J. Savage, "Spiritualistic Interpretation of Psycho-Phenomena."

Professor Henry and Mrs. Sidgwick, "Veridical Hallucinations as a part of the Evidence for Telepathy."

Marvin-Marie Snell, "The Field of Psychological Research; A Contribution toward the Classification of Occult Sciences and Arts."

B. C. 1491. The Jewish code of laws was promulgated by Moses to the people of his nation.

Lady Henry Somers, Eastnor Castle, Mr. W. T. Stead, "On the Fourth

Dimension of Space."

Giles B. Stibbings, "Spiritualism, Historic, Critical, Prospective," "A Brief Critical History of the Spiritualistic Movement in America," 1845.

B. F. Underwood, "Theory Regarding Automatic Writing."

Sara A. Underwood, "On Automatic Writing (so-called)." Capitano Ernesto Volpi, "Scientific Evidence of the Theory of Reincarnation."

Mrs. E. L. Watson, "An Inspirational Address."

Charles Whedon, "Memory in Relation to Psychical Experiences."

Miss Lillian Whiting, "And That Which is to Come."

Dr. Alexander Wilder, "Psychic Facts and Theories Underlying the Religions of Greece and Rome."

Miss Frances E. Willard (a devout Methodist).

Dr. A. S. Wiltsie, "Some Experiments in Thought-Transference."

Rev. Dr. W. C. Winslow, "Psychism Amongst the Ancient Egyptians."

J. O. Woods, "Esoteric Philosophy of Life."

BETTER THAN IN EARTH.

A Beautiful Resting-Place for the Ashes of the Dead.

THE DECEASED MUST FIRST BE REDUCED TO ELEMENTAL PRINCIPLES BY CREMATION AND INCINERATED IN AN URN, HOWEVER—ONE THAT IS MADE IN A FORM SOV NEW AND RUSTIC—ONLY A HOUSE IN THE HAMMICK COLUMBIARIUM THAT ALLOWS THE CREMATORIUM—OUR WOMAN'S ASHES NEVER REACHED THEIR BENTHUMATICAL ROOF.

TO THE EDITOR.—Any lingering prejudice, says the Chicago Times, against cremation as a manner of treating the body after death is likely to be removed by an examination of the latest improvements. One may now die with the assurance that a great and picturesque place for funeral services, a scientifically arranged crematory and a highly-artisted columbarium, are all provided under one roof—a tiled roof.

These are the advantages by which the Mount Olivet crematory seeks to combat prejudice and create favorable impression in the minds of those who are not unalterably committed in favor of the old-fashioned burial which was good enough for their fathers.

The company which has charge of this crematory, says the New York Sun, recently remodels its building on Mount Olivet, near the village of Fresh Pond, adding thereto a columbarium with a capacity, as arranged at present, for 3,000 urns. The columbarium is built in Romanesque style, the lower story of white marble, the upper of yellow brick, surmounted by a red-tiled roof. Although the company, since it began business in December, 1880, has cremated 1,919 bodies, only six of them are represented in the 3,000 niches prepared for the urns in the columbarium.

Why this is so puzzles the officials, who think much of the arrangement of the building with its gallery running around the beautiful interior, where urns may be placed or inspected in much the same way as a set of books in a well-ordered library. But in spite of this the columbarium is not yet popular, even with those who have had relatives reduced to ashes in the adjoining crematory. The same room in which the urns may be kept is fitted up as a chapel. There is in one end a platform, which may be used as a pulpit, and by its side is an organ.

The crematory is, however, the most interesting part of the building. As the picture shows, it is back of the columbarium and the intervening room, where the bodies are prepared for the furnace. When a funeral train arrives at the crematory the body is taken to the columbarium, if religious ceremonies are desired, and if not, to the preparation room. In the latter place it is wrapped in a sheet wet with alum water. It is then put in a crate, which in turn is placed on a movable platform. This platform is run up in front of one of the furnace doors, and from there the crate is pushed into the furnace.

The aluminized sheet conceals the body during the process of cremation; the only change which an observer can notice is the gradual shrinkage of the bulk within the sheet until nothing remains of a body of average weight but four or five pounds of gray ashes. This process takes three or four hours, and it is several hours later before the ashes can be removed from the retort to the receptacle, which may be placed in the columbarium, but which is usually taken away.

If one decides to deposit an urn in the columbarium it would be well to leave the task to the company's men. When the reporter visited the crematory he was accompanied by an officer of the company from the Houston street office, and a man who was carrying an urn containing the ashes of his wife. The officer wanted to carry the ashes, being accustomed to such burdens, but the husband insisted upon being the bearer. This was all right until, in taking a short cut from the village, a steep and slippery hill was climbed.

At a particularly steep spot some misstep resulted in officer, widower and urn starting on an unexpected race downhill, rolling most of the way. The urn first lost two silver handles, then two nickel legs, and finally brought up sharp against a stone at the bottom of the hill, where it burst, scattering the ashes to the winds, except such of the heavier particles as settled in the long grass.

That cremation will eventually be adopted, no one doubts. The increase of population will render it absolutely necessary.

MAGAZINE GLEANER.

Lake George Camp, N. Y.

A well-established Spiritualist camp is now most beautifully located on the shores of the "Queen of American Lakes." The camp referred to is that of the Lake George Camp Association, whose beautiful grounds were dedicated with most impressive ceremonies the 20th of July. Many prominent Spiritualists were present, and very interesting and profitable meetings followed the dedication. The "Lake George Camp Association" was duly incorporated by an act of the State Legislature in February last. The constitution of the association states the object of it to be "to provide and maintain suitable grounds in the town of Caldwell, County of Warren, upon the shore of Lake George, wherein shall be established and maintained an annual camp meeting or assembly, and other meetings for mutual religious, social, scientific and philosophical advancement, and for spreading and disseminating the truths and principles of Spiritualism." Where could we find a loftier object or a nobler work than that in which the founders and co-laborers in this camp association are engaged?

The dedication exercises were presided over by the president of the association, Mr. H. J. Newton, of New York City, the well-known and "grand old man" of Spiritualistic circles. Mr. Newton in a characteristically clear and concise address stated among other things the financial condition of the association, that

it was free from all indebtedness, and that it started out with brilliant prospects, not a cloud having appeared to darken the bright horizon of the association's morning. Other speakers were Mrs. Clara Marsh, Hardwick, Mass.; Prof. Wm. F. Peck, Springfield, Mass.; Dr. Mills, of Saratoga, and Matilda C. Smith, of New York City. The meetings will be concluded during the last three weeks of August.

The grounds have been most beautifully laid out into splendid sites for cottages. They are offered for sale at a very reasonable figure and there is no doubt that the grounds before another season will be adorned by many beautiful cottages.

With brilliant prospects and many interested workers, this association bids fair to rival the best and most favorable camps. The fact that it is located on the shores of lovely Lake George should be a guarantee of a large attendance at the annual meetings.



FACTS! FACTS!!

Ecclesiastical Empiricism.

The State of New York (as set forth by the *Patriotic American*) has been over-careful to protect the public from medical quackery, a work in which it has been ably seconded by the press.

There is one class of quackery, however, that the State, instead of using its best endeavors to suppress, fosters in such a manner as to cause not only physical suffering and poverty but reacts upon the nervous system of its victims so that in the end they abandon legitimate methods of treatment and all the sanitary precautions prescribed by modern hygiene, and by using their means to support empirics of the ecclesiastical class, deprive themselves of the necessities of life.

We allude to the infamous gang who deplete the pockets of the poor people through the medium of the mass-mill and the confession-box, in order that priests may live upon the fat of the land, smoke good cigars and drink the choicest brands of wine and whiskey. Worse far than the mass mill and its annex is the relic swindle. Not content with running a faith-cure swindle at St. Anne de Beaupre, with what is alleged to be a piece of "God's grandmother," the priests have now started in good earnest a branch swindle in New York City, where last year tens of thousands of poor benighted wretches left at the shrine what was in many cases their last nickel, in the belief that for spot cash the moulder fragment of bone would condescend to relieve them of their earthly ills and infirmities, whereas, as a matter of fact, the only thing that was relieved was the pocketbook of the devout imbecile. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were fraudulently obtained by the priests in this manner, and the press, instead of denouncing the exhibition as a fraud, as became the conservators of public morals, with a few exceptions gave the impious side-show many columns of gratuitous and laudatory advertisement. This is a bad showing in this enlightened age, when medical quacks, the less harmful of the two, meet with little mercy at the hands of judges and still less at the hands of the press. Plainly and candidly the intelligent men at the heads of our great dailies, men who have all the "osophies and doggies at their fingers' ends," simply dare not

come out in print and denounce the disgraceful imposition for the lie and fraud that they know it to be. In order to save their circulation and advertising they are forced to hold a candle to the devil—the priest—and puff the most gigantic frauds of the nineteenth century. The atom of hog bone, impiously declared to be a part of an arm of the grandmother of God, has never cured man, woman, child, priest or yellow dog. No one knows this better than the newspaper men, yet they dare not say so. The shrine side-show fakirs have a few confederates who work the take-up-my-bed-and-walk delusion—so has every common street fakir, who, by the way, does the thing infinitely more respectably than the priests. It is too much to suppose that the police authorities of American Rome would take up the matter and throw the priestly empirics into jail, but we do ask, in the name of common decency and the enlightenment of the age of electricity, the phonograph and telephone, that the leading newspapers of the United States shall at least have the good taste to abstain from puffing a gigantic fraud that within a few days will be the means of drawing hundreds of thousands of dollars from the pockets of Rome's dupes and impose a tax upon the poverty-stricken which the director of the poor will have to make up out of the public purse. The whole fakir is cruel, immoral and disgraceful, as are all those who support it or withhold their public condemnation of it. Now let the priestly rascals who are engineering this stupendous fraud upon a cash basis, enter suit against us if we are speaking falsely, so that we may let the light of investigation and justice in upon Rome's

immoral and disgraceful, as are all those who support it or withhold their public condemnation of it. Now let the priestly rascals who are engineering this stupendous fraud upon a cash basis, enter suit against us if we are speaking falsely, so that we may let the light of investigation and justice in upon Rome's

immoral and disgraceful, as are all those who support it or withhold their public condemnation of it. Now let the priestly rascals who are engineering this stupendous fraud upon a cash basis, enter suit against us if we are speaking falsely, so that we may let the light of investigation and justice in upon Rome's

immoral and disgraceful, as are all those who support it or withhold their public condemnation of it. Now let the priestly rascals who are engineering this stupendous fraud upon a cash basis, enter suit against us if we are speaking falsely, so that we may let the light of investigation and justice in upon Rome's

immoral and disgraceful, as are all those who support it or withhold their public condemnation of it. Now let the priestly rascals who are engineering this stupendous fraud upon a cash basis, enter suit against us if we are speaking falsely, so that we may let the light of investigation and justice in upon Rome's

A SWEEPING SUCCESS.

Cassadaga Camp Commands the Labors of the National Constitutional Liberty League.

At the conference August 5th, the subject was "Medical Legislation," and the Cassadaga camp struck a sturdy and intelligent blow at religious and medical bigotry, and for constitutional liberty. By invitation Mr. J. Winsfield Scott, secretary of the National Constitutional Liberty League, Boston, Mass., briefly reviewed the history, success and present purpose of that useful organization. He said, substantially: "That grand old man, Prof. J. Boden Buchanan—may he live yet many years to bless humanity—was one of the founders and has ever been the honored president of our National League. It was legally incorporated, primarily to restore and maintain the constitutional liberty of citizens of this land of liberty to employ whomsoever they will to treat or heal them, and incidentally to prevent the unjust enforcement of old and the enactment of new medical-monopoly laws; because they increase fees, rob rich and poor alike, prevent progress, infringe constitutional liberty, and are against public policy in that they jeopardize public health. So far it has never suffered defeat in any court or legislature.

Recognizing the reputation of the above speakers, and the permanent value and national influence of these able addresses, Mr. Scott provided a stenographer to report them verbatim, and, at the suggestion and expense of the National League, the management kindly consented to print an extra edition of a double number of *The Cassadaga*, containing these eloquent thunderbolts, for widespread distribution. Meanwhile, the manuscript will be sent to various liberal, sympathizing journals for publication.

The sagacity of the management in thus heartily and effectively co-operating with the National League is universally recognized and applauded.

Recognizing the reputation of the above speakers, and the permanent value and national influence of these able addresses, Mr. Scott provided a stenographer to report them verbatim, and, at the suggestion and expense of the National League, the management kindly consented to print an extra edition of a double number of *The Cassadaga*, containing these eloquent thunderbolts, for widespread distribution. Meanwhile, the manuscript will be sent to various liberal, sympathizing journals for publication.

The sagacity of the management in thus heartily and effectively co-operating with the National League is universally recognized and applauded.

Recognizing the reputation of the above speakers, and the permanent value and national influence of these able addresses, Mr. Scott provided a stenographer to report them verbatim, and, at the suggestion and expense of the National League, the management kindly consented to print an extra edition of a double number of *The Cassadaga*, containing these eloquent thunderbolts, for widespread distribution. Meanwhile, the manuscript will be sent to various liberal, sympathizing journals for publication.

The sagacity of the management in thus heartily and effectively co-operating with the National League is universally recognized and applauded.

Recognizing the reputation of the above speakers, and the permanent value and national influence of these able addresses, Mr. Scott provided a stenographer to report them verbatim, and, at the suggestion and expense of the National League, the management kindly consented to print an extra edition of a double number of *The Cassadaga*, containing these eloquent thunderbolts, for widespread distribution. Meanwhile, the manuscript will be sent to various liberal, sympathizing journals for publication.

The sagacity of the management in thus heartily and effectively co-operating with the National League is universally recognized and applauded.

Recognizing the reputation of the above speakers, and the permanent value and national influence of these able addresses, Mr. Scott provided a stenographer to report them verbatim, and, at the suggestion and expense of the National League, the management kindly consented to print an extra edition of a double number of *The Cassadaga*, containing these eloquent thunderbolts, for widespread distribution. Meanwhile, the manuscript will be sent to various liberal, sympathizing journals for publication.

The sagacity of the management in thus heartily and effectively co-operating with the National League is universally recognized and applauded.

Recognizing the reputation of the above speakers, and the permanent value and national influence of these able addresses, Mr. Scott provided a stenographer to report them verbatim, and, at the suggestion and expense of the National League, the management kindly consented to print an extra edition of a double number of *The Cassadaga*, containing these eloquent thunderbolts, for widespread distribution. Meanwhile, the manuscript will be sent to various liberal, sympathizing journals for publication.

The sagacity of the management in thus heartily and effectively co-operating with the National League is universally recognized and applauded.

Recognizing the reputation of the above speakers, and the permanent value and national influence of these able addresses, Mr. Scott provided a stenographer to report them verbatim, and, at the suggestion and expense of the National League, the management kindly consented to print an extra edition of a double number of *The Cassadaga*, containing these eloquent thunderbolts, for widespread distribution. Meanwhile, the manuscript will be sent to various liberal, sympathizing journals for publication.

The sagacity of the management in thus heartily and effectively co-operating with the National League is universally recognized and applauded.

Recognizing the reputation of the above speakers, and the permanent value and national influence of these able addresses, Mr. Scott provided a stenographer to report them verbatim, and, at the suggestion and expense of the National League, the management kindly consented to print an extra edition of a double number of *The Cassadaga*, containing these eloquent thunderbolts, for widespread distribution. Meanwhile, the manuscript will be sent to various liberal, sympathizing journals for publication.

The sagacity of the management in thus heartily and effectively co-operating with the National League is universally recognized and applauded.

Recognizing the reputation of the above speakers, and the permanent value and national influence of these able addresses, Mr. Scott provided a stenographer to report them verbatim, and, at the suggestion and expense of the National League, the management kindly consented to print an extra edition of a double number of *The Cassadaga*, containing these eloquent thunderbolts, for widespread distribution. Meanwhile, the manuscript will be sent to various liberal, sympathizing journals for publication.

The sagacity of the management in thus heartily and effectively co-operating with the National League is universally recognized and applauded.

Recognizing the reputation of the above speakers, and the permanent value and national influence of these able addresses, Mr. Scott provided a stenographer to report them verbatim, and, at the suggestion and expense of the National League, the management kindly consented to print an extra edition of a double number of *The Cassadaga*, containing these eloquent thunderbolts, for widespread distribution. Meanwhile, the manuscript will be sent to various liberal, sympathizing journals for publication.

The sagacity of the management in thus heartily and effectively co-operating with the National League is universally recognized and applauded.

Recognizing the reputation of the above speakers, and the permanent value and national influence of these able addresses, Mr. Scott provided a stenographer to report them verbatim, and, at the suggestion and expense of the National League, the management kindly consented to print an extra edition of a double number of *The Cassadaga*, containing these eloquent thunderbolts, for widespread distribution. Meanwhile, the manuscript will be sent to various liberal, sympathizing journals for publication.

The sagacity of the management in thus heartily and effectively co-operating with the National League is universally recognized and applauded.

Recognizing the reputation of the above speakers, and the permanent value and national influence of these able addresses, Mr. Scott provided a stenographer to report them verbatim, and, at the suggestion and expense of the National League, the management kindly consented to print an extra edition of a double number of *The Cassadaga*, containing these eloquent thunderbolts, for widespread distribution. Meanwhile, the manuscript will be sent to various liberal, sympathizing journals for publication.

The sagacity of the management in thus heartily and effectively co-operating with the National League is universally recognized and applauded.

Recognizing the reputation of the above speakers, and the permanent value and national influence of these able addresses, Mr. Scott provided a stenographer to report them verbatim, and, at the suggestion and expense of the National League, the management kindly consented to print an extra edition of a double number of *The Cassadaga*, containing these eloquent thunderbolts, for widespread distribution. Meanwhile, the manuscript will be sent to various liberal, sympathizing journals for publication.

The sagacity of the management in thus heartily and effectively co-operating with the National League is universally recognized and applauded.

Recognizing the reputation of the above speakers, and the permanent value and national influence of these able addresses, Mr. Scott provided a stenographer to report them verbatim, and, at the suggestion and expense of the National League, the management kindly consented to print an extra edition of a double number of *The Cassadaga*, containing these eloquent thunderbolts, for widespread distribution. Meanwhile, the manuscript will be sent to various liberal, sympathizing journals for publication.

The sagacity of the management in thus heartily and effectively co-operating with the National League is universally recognized and applauded.

Recognizing the reputation of the above speakers, and the permanent value and national influence of these able addresses, Mr. Scott provided a stenographer to report them verbatim, and, at the suggestion and expense of the National League, the management kindly consented to print an extra edition of a double number of *The Cassadaga*, containing these eloquent thunderbolts, for widespread distribution. Meanwhile, the manuscript will be sent to various liberal, sympathizing journals for publication.

The sagacity of the management in thus heartily and effectively co-operating with the National League is universally recognized and applauded.

Recognizing the reputation of the above speakers, and the permanent value and national influence of these able addresses, Mr. Scott provided a stenographer to report them verbatim, and, at the suggestion and expense of the National League, the management kindly consented to print an extra edition of a double number of *The Cassadaga*, containing these eloquent thunderbolts, for widespread distribution. Meanwhile, the manuscript will be sent to various liberal, sympathizing journals for publication.

The sagacity of the management in thus heartily and effectively co-operating with the National League is universally recognized and applauded.

Recognizing the reputation of the above speakers, and the permanent value and national influence of these able addresses, Mr. Scott provided a stenographer to report them verbatim, and, at the suggestion and expense of the National League, the management kindly consented to print an extra edition of a double number of *The Cassadaga*, containing these eloquent thunderbolts, for widespread distribution. Meanwhile, the manuscript will be sent to various liberal, sympathizing journals for publication.

The sagacity of the management in thus heartily and effectively co-operating with the National League is universally recognized and applauded.

Recognizing the reputation of the above speakers, and the permanent value and national influence of these able addresses, Mr. Scott provided a stenographer to report them verbatim, and, at the suggestion and expense of the National League, the management kindly consented to print an extra edition of a double number of *The Cassadaga*, containing these eloquent thunderbolts, for widespread distribution. Meanwhile, the manuscript will be sent to various liberal, sympathizing journals for publication.

The sagacity of the management in thus heartily and effectively co-operating with the National League is universally recognized and applauded.

Recognizing the reputation of the above speakers, and the permanent value and national influence of these able addresses, Mr. Scott provided a stenographer to report them verbatim, and, at the suggestion and expense of the National League, the management kindly consented to print an extra edition of a double number of *The Cassadaga*, containing these eloquent thunderbolts, for widespread distribution. Meanwhile, the manuscript will be sent to various liberal, sympathizing journals for publication.

The sagacity of the management in thus heartily and effectively co-operating with the National League is universally recognized and applauded.

Recognizing the reputation of the above speakers, and the permanent value and national influence of these able addresses, Mr. Scott provided a stenographer to report them verbatim, and, at the suggestion and expense of the National League, the management kindly consented to print an extra edition of a double number of *The Cassadaga*, containing these eloquent thunderbolts, for widespread distribution. Meanwhile, the manuscript will be sent to various liberal, sympathizing journals for publication.

The sagacity of the management in thus heartily and effectively co-operating with the National League is universally recognized and applauded.

Pacific Coast.

To the EDITOR.—A thought came to me that your host of readers might be interested in a line from this place. Los Prietas is located about twelve miles from Santa Cruz, where I did my last work as a public speaker and test medium. I left the rostrum and took to the sawmill, and I find here that the Pope of Rome holds the most absolute authority, and it is the most abject white slavery to be an employee in this mill. The mill is owned mostly by magnates of the S. P. R. R. We are in the great red woods of the Santa Cruz mountains, and only a few miles from the tree that Gen. Fremont and his entire command camped in several days. It is twenty-six feet in diameter in the hollow. There are several others like it in size, but not hollow so as to form a house or shelter in time of a storm.

Here we make about eighty thousand feet of lumber per day. Some of the logs are as large as fourteen feet in diameter. The laborers are nearly all Catholics, and my family and self are the only outspoken Spiritualists out of about one hundred and sixty people. There are one or two others who are suspected, but they dare not speak out. I have had the honor of doing two of their champions up, in a war of words, and now they stand from under, so far as argument is concerned. No man here dare buy a nickel's worth of provisions or clothing outside the company's store, under penalty of being discharged without further notice. This is the Christian spirit manifested by this powerful monopoly, and I have heard if I dare to reply any more to those who see it to abuse me for being a Spiritualist, I would get fired at once.

Now I mean to stand my ground if I don't last another week, and when a Christian bigot thinks he can wipe his feet on me, he's just mistaken, that's all; and I don't see why

Spiritualists don't wake up and organize—show their strength and compel respect. We are entitled to it, and Spirit Stephen A. Douglas told me that if the truth was known, and the moral cowards would come out, that in the United States of America there were not less than twenty-two millions who knew Spiritualism to be a truth; but they dare not say so for fear of being ostracized by the church. Now, I have lectured in Los Angeles, Summerland, Oakland, San Jose, Santa Cruz and other places, and none of my auditors will ever say that I did not speak plain on all these subjects. Are we to always be trodden under foot, legislated against, and kicked because we are offering a gospel to the world? A Christian gentleman (an editor) said to me:

"How I should like to believe in Spiritualism, but it is too good to be true." Let us teach them that it is true, and orthodoxy is false;

that the so-called holy scriptures are mostly a fraud—plagiarism and forgery—and this perpetrated by the wife-and-son-murderer, Constantine the Great, and Eusebius, the biggest forger-cutthroat that ever lived prior to Pope

Gregory. If our editors of the secular press would read all of Helen H. Gardner's works

The PROGRESSIVE THINKER, R. G. Ingersoll, etc., and fill up on sound thought instead

of hunting for the sayings of Sam Jones, B. F. Mills and Stage-monkey Talmage, they would

soon be educated and evolved far enough to

see that Spiritualism is true, and not too good

to believe; but they, like the Christian God, have always wielded their power on the popular side, regardless of what was right.

The time foretold by Mr. Lincoln when he

was President of the United States, has come.

He said that the power built up by the centralization of wealth would crush the laboring class.

The demonetization of silver, the long

reign of the old political parties, the turning

of a United States Congress into an ecclesiastical institution, the marriage of our government to the two greatest powers for evil, viz.:

the whiskey ring and the church. To-day

they must stand or fall together; and they go

down and carry with them the Christian Moloch, never to rise again, and Spiritualism will clear away the debris and erect its

beautiful temple of love and light on the same

ground. Then can the widow and orphan

wipe sorrow's tears from their eyes, and a

reign of justice, mercy and forbearance shall

set in, and the God of nature be enthroned.

Then all will be sunny, clear and bright,

And pleasure reign from morn till night.

Loma Prieta, Cal. J. L. BAISLY.

Notes from Summerland.

To the EDITOR.—It is my good fortune to have had the opportunity of attending the recent camp meeting held at this land of sunshine and magnificent scenery. Although not engaged as a regular speaker there was ample opportunity for usefulness, and I highly enjoyed the able lectures of Profs. Buchanan and Loveland, and Mrs. Marchant, and the forcible and rhythmical effusions of Mrs. C. D. Strong, of San Jose. All did well, and fair audiences attended each session, and the Sunday meetings filled the seats of the commodious hall with intelligent and appreciative listeners. The projectors and managers of the camp-meeting worked heroically and self-sacrificingly, and achieved a success under difficulties which only devoted and determined souls could have overcome. Aside from the valuable thoughts enunciated, the most important action taken was the appointment of a general committee to call and work up a State Convention to be held in San Francisco the coming winter, for the purpose of forming a state organization of Spiritualists, which the exigencies of our cause most surely demands for its promulgation and protection. Every true Spiritualist should heed this call and lend every aid possible to unite our scattered and now inefficient forces. All the speakers and workers here were unanimous in support of Mrs. Marchant's proposal for this needed

W. H. BACH.

SPIRIT GUIDANCE, a story by Miss Clara Marsh, of Michigan, will prove highly interesting to every thinking mind. The paper will be sent three months for 25 cents, or \$1 per year.

Bear in mind, Spiritualists, that the business record of this paper is as clear as crystal. It invites investigation as to its methods. Honest industry sustains it, and it has none of the beggar element in its constitution. Call your neighbors' attention to it. The preachers of the story "Spirit Guidance" are now subscribers.

—An excellent place

place for those having means to live upon as spend their waiting-time while ripening for the Summer Land above. The Summerland has this week succeeded issue, and "All is quiet on the Potomac." Peace to its ashes, and peace to its forlorn readers. Everything dies in due season, even though young in years. All that is good is immortal.

DEAN CLARKE.

The Spirit Wand.

To the EDITOR.—Some have wondered what has become of me. Well, I am neither lost, strayed nor stolen, but have simply been too busy to spare time even to write a short letter to "our leader," THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

The past season has been a very busy one, and as we look over the road we are wondering if the changes of the next twelve months will equal those of the past. The past two months have been devoted entirely to the Merrimac Island camp-meeting, and as we review this camp and think of the other and grander ones being held in every section of the country, thoughts will arise and the questions appertaining to the prospects of our lam will be continually before us.

What means this great uprising of the people? What wandering spirit is passing through the air, and, as it passes, touching with its wand the sensitives in its path, and giving them the talisman, the "open sesame" to the realm of spirit? Does it not look as though the world had reached a point where the unseen forces were coming so closely into rapport with the people of the material plane that they are ready to demonstrate all claims and usher into being a spiritual era.

At no time since I have been connected with the movement has there been so great an unfoldment of the mediumistic gifts of the people, and scarcely a day passes that I do not receive, from one to half a dozen letters from anxious searchers after mediumship.

It also seems as though all mediums with

whom I have come in contact were having excep-

tional good results from their seances.

Especially was this so with the mediums on

Merrimac Island. I wish to speak of some

materializations that came to me through Miss

Bessie Aspinwall. Many of your readers will

remember that my engagement in Denver, Colo.,

was cut short by the sickness and transition

of a brother. At the camp, only six

weeks after his transition, he came to us as

natural as life, and not only that, he was

accompanied by the spirit of Rosy, who was his

guardian spirit, and the one who met him

at the border and gave him his introduction

into Spirit life. Although he was a stranger

to the medium, he came with his own individuality and with his own peculiar sayings,

while Rosy, with her greater strength and

activity, was the wonder of each circle at

which she appeared. Rosy was very small—

about the size of a twelve-year-old girl—while

Mrs. Aspinwall is a well-developed woman,

weighing in the vicinity of 185 pounds, and a

full head taller than the materialization. It

having been stated that it was the medium on

her knees impersonating, the next time Rosy

came, after running around considerable to

get half a dozen of us up to the cabinet (some

times there were three of us between her and

the cabinet), she took hold of my father's

hand, put it on the floor, and set her foot

on it.

This should settle the "hand and knee" busi-

ness once for all. Then she disappeared, and,

in less time than it takes to tell it, out came

my brother, looking as much different from

the medium and the preceding spirit as night

is different from day. In this manner the

Spirit-world is bringing new light to those left

behind.

Spiritualism in this section will be well-

represented the coming winter, from all re-

ports. Four meetings are to be held in

Minneapolis, principal of which is the Modern

Thought Society, which opens the season the

first Sunday in September with Mrs. Lillie.

While I have not learned who is to follow her,

it is understood that she will be followed by

some of the best talent that can be found.

Two of the other meetings are managed as

private affairs, while the fourth is a society

which has been employing Mrs. S. M. Lowell

for two years past, and as she has continued

to give good satisfaction, she will probably be

their standby speaker the coming winter. In

St. Paul the Spiritual Alliance, which is an in-

corporated society, will begin meetings Octo-

ber 1st. Speakers have not been engaged as

Atavism or Reincarnation.

TRAITS OF ANCESTORS CROP OUT AFTER GEN-
ERATIONS.—ATAVISM IS THE TERM USED TO
DESIGNATE THIS SORT OF THING NOWADAYS.—
KLEPTOMANIA AND THE UNACCOUNTABLE
DEPRAVITY OF SOME CHILDREN IS CLAIMED
TO BE DUE TO THE WORKINGS OF THIS
STRANGE LAW.

Among the many mysterious forms and traits in human life and character, there is nothing more wonderful than those which come from or are developed in what is known as heredity or atavism. Heredity is an old term, the meaning of which is generally well understood. It is a word somewhat broad in its sense and application.

"Atavism," says the Detroit Free Press, "is a newer term, and one with a narrower signifi-

cance than that conveyed by heredity, although it may be considered as one form of

heredity. The technical expression is sometimes written also 'avitism,' from the Latin *avitus* (pertaining to an ancestor or ancestral). The term usually applies to some strongly developed peculiarity or trait in character sim-

ilar to a mere mental or moral force or weakness which manifests itself at irregular intervals in particular families. It appears to be governed by no general laws, as have been observed in the effects of heredity in the physical system. But it may apply to infirmities or diseases showing themselves in the blood after lapses of generations in families.

"Kleptomania is often a form of atavism. The innate disposition to filch, to steal slyly and adroitly, is sometimes irresistible and ineradicable in certain people. It is a taint in their nature something like the instinct of an animal of the lower orders, a force difficult to control where nature is allowed free course.

The following is an illustration of atavism: "Some years ago a youth of intelligence in one of the very best families of a principal city, a youth who, from the force of necessity, had never known occasion to steal in order to supply his wants, was accidentally detected in the act of rifling the wardrobe of a friend whose guest the young man was at the time. Evidences subsequently revealed disclosed the fact that this same youth had been for years engaged in the commission of similar crimes. His petty pilferings had amounted to hundreds of dollars, many of the things stolen being articles for which the fellow had no earthly use. Investigations into his history betrayed the fact that one of the young man's ancestors four generations back was a noted thief, the bad blood manifesting itself in this one instance (and in this one instance only, so far as the records could be known) after the lapse of seventy years. This is not only a striking illustration of atavism, but the fact also proves the truth of the old society aphorism that 'it takes more than two generations to make a gentleman.'

"It is to be hoped that our society will now be endowed with new life, and be able to throw off the apathy that has so long paralysed us. One of the causes has been that we are so far from the center of the great body of Spiritualism that but very few good lecturers or me-

diums ever come among us to awaken an interest in the beauties of the great truths that Spiritualism offers to a priest-ridden com-

munity. The orthodox chains have been

strongly forged in this goodly land, and it re-

quires a strong effort to break them, but they are being gradually loosened, and every good

lecturer or medium that comes along assists in the good work, and to the credit of Mrs. Barker it must be said that she has done more

than anyone that has come along for more than a year, and we heartily thank her guides for sending her amongst us—a total stranger, and unexpectedly. But she arrived with first-class recommendations from sister societies of Washington, and we did not delay in employing her—to our great benefit.

The First Spiritualist Society of Clackamas

county closed a very successful camp-meeting at New Era, about fifteen miles south of this city, on July 23d. Rev. Moses Hull was the principal speaker, and he proved himself the right man in the right place. The last week he was acceptably assisted by Mrs. Barker.

Portland, Oregon.

To the EDITOR.—The First Spiritualist Society of the city of Portland dedicated their new hall in the A. O. U. W. Temple on Sunday evening, 6th instant, with appropriate ceremonies. After singing by the choir, an invocation and short address by our president, Mr. Cyrus Buckman, Col. C. A. Reed was introduced, and gave an interesting history of the rise and progress of Spiritualism in Oregon. The speaker has been prominently connected in that respect for more than forty years, and probably knows more of the trials and vicissitudes that Spiritualists have had to endure than any other man on the coast, and is still in the harness—still willing to do all that he can in helping the work along, and it is to be hoped that he may be spared to us for many days yet to give us younger members the benefit of his advice and experience.

Mrs. A. E. Barker, whom the society has

been fortunate in securing for this month, delivered the dedication address, and well did the lady perform that duty. She is a lady of good character, refinement and education, and with a first-class platform orator.

Many came to criticize, but admitted that they could do naught but praise. Her gait was equal to the occasion, and caused the large audience to repeat the words of the poet, "Behold her, she comes!"

The speaker has been the most popular in the country, and the audience was greatly interested in her words, and that she has been well received, and we can almost see

